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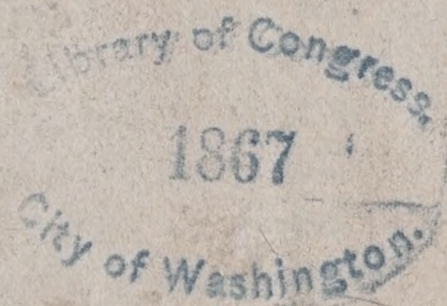


THE  
LIFE  
OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED  
**DANSEUSE,**  
MADEMOISELLE FANNY ELSSLER,  
OF  
VIENNA.



THE EARLIER PART OF HER LIFE COMPILED FROM  
"BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON,"  
AND REplete WITH ANECDOTES RELATED BY AN  
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,  
LATELY FROM LONDON ; AND ALSO FROM A NUMBER OF THE  
AMERICAN PAPERS.

SELECTED AND COMPILED  
BY  
A LADY OF THIS CITY.



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New York Office, No. 111 Nassau Street, and at the  
New York Office, No. 111 Nassau Street, New York.



## PREFACE.

THE Terpsichore of proud Europe, has crossed the great Atlantic, to exhibit to our spirited Americans the "Poetry of Motion," in its perfect and elegant style. On her reception here, I should be silent, as that has already gone the rounds of the papers, great and small; and content myself with assuring my readers it was as hospitable and cheering as her most sanguine admirers could desire; but as I well know how transient newspaper celebrity is, I will amuse my readers, in the course of this work, with some brief extracts from some of our most respectable papers, thereby rendering permanent what might otherwise have been a meteor in the American Hemisphere; as all persons must be conscious that pamphlets are most generally preserved with more care than a Newspaper. But who, my readers will ask, is the Terpsichore of whom you speak in such flattering terms? Dear Madam, well served, Miss, or Madam; if you are not better informed, I will determine the matter: She is a beautiful girl, and first appeared in her native city of Vienna, where she drew her breath, and sought for fame and fortune.

THE AUTHORESS.

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## LIFE OF FANNY ELSSLER.

Miss Fanny Elssler is the daughter of a highly respectable Merchant, of the Imperial city of Vienna, where she was born and educated, as her family was wealthy, as well as honorable; this is obvious from her education, which is a proper one, she being highly accomplished in every branch of female usefulness, proper for a Lady like her, who seemed destined to move in a genteel circle of society. Though misfortune has since pressed her to the earth, from whence she has bounded, like the Chamois, by the exertion of youth, beauty, health, and spirits, "*Heaven's second best gift*," into wealth, fame, and popularity. As dancing is her forté, and her parents having judgment sufficient to discern and cultivate her youthful talent, as they were conscious it was in that only she would acquire peculiar excellence, placed her at an early age under the tuition of the best master Vienna produced, from whose unremitting attention and instruction, she derived such rapid improvement, that at five years of age, she excited the admira-



tion, and was pronounced the most graceful figure, that had ever been exhibited in the science of dancing. This improvement in her favorite art, so gratified her affectionate parents, that no expense was spared to render her a proficient in the cultivation of the graces, and their expenditures was amply repaid, at the early age I have mentioned, when they seen her move like a butterfly, over the floor of a brilliantly lighted Ball room, the fairy "*Queen of Night*;"—while love for the beautiful child, and admiration of her extraordinary proficiency in the elegant art, to which she was so devoutly devoted,

While wonder filled the mind,  
To see a baby thus inclined.

How much greater was their exultation, on arriving at a proper age, to know her move, the most admired *Belle* in the "*corps of Terpsichore*," on the Vienna Opera House boards, she being then both a beautiful, well formed, elegantly brilliant girl. Having been compelled to appear before the public, to remunerate her father for her education, he having been unfortunate in his business, or the lovely Fanny, had not been a *danseuse*. That, maugre the deficiencies of liberality in the fancy of Fanatics, that Supreme Being, who decides over the fate of dancers, as well as those pious persons, extended his divine mercy to Fanny, and rendered her the admiration of Europe, as before she had attained an age to seek the patronage of a generous public, she was compelled to accept the terms offered her by the Manager of the Vienna Opera House, to pay the debt of gratitude due to her parents, for their extraordinary expense in her education; thus her brilliant talent as a *danseuse*, enabled them to support their usual genteel establishment, as her annual income from the Opera House was liberal, and the public justly generous, from a consciousness that a sense of paternal duty had brought her before them, therefore her *benefit* was always an overflow, or, as an English writer should say, a "*bumper*." Thus she continued to improve both her fortune and her fame, enjoying the approbation of her own head and heart, in thus cheering the declining age of her parents, by her dutiful conduct, and acquiring by practice the perfection in her profession, which is so peculiarly her own. Years rolled on; Fanny became a blooming beautiful woman, if possible more elegantly brilliant than in her early days of childhood, when she had only held out the promise of that excellence, to which she has now so happily arrived. These halcyon days passed gaily over; life to her was the brightness of a summer's day, for she lived only,

To rise with the lark,  
Who soars on fancy's wing;  
Or the fairy group,  
Who gaily dance and sing.

Beloved by her fond parents, [admired by the proud nobility of Vienna, what had Fanny to wish for; nothing but love—and to that she



ever turned a cold and soul thrilling heart. Fame she had gained, and fortune she was acquiring by the proceeds of her profession, with ambition to attain to the head of that profession, and then she had not another wish ungratified. This ambition was fully satisfied; nightly was her services required; as she was the chief magnet of attraction to the house, to all ranks of people in Vienna,

Who fed her thirst for fame,  
And gained her an immortal name;  
Her compeers wondered as they gazed,  
At the sparkling brilliance of the stage.

Thus joyously, happily, and respected, passed the first years of pretty Fanny's entering in her teens; beloved by many, old, middle-aged, and young; the ancient and middle-aged for her virtues and dutiful submission to her parents; and by the young, for her beauty, talents, accomplishments, good humor, and generosity, of which the citizens of Philadelphia have had ocular demonstration, by her volunteering in the service of the wandering Europeans in the Arch-street Theatre. Thus honorably and delightfully till the age of sixteen, when the means of exerting her generosity on an extensive scale, towards any age, sex, or country, was immaterial to Fanny; all alike, past the days of Fanny; she had her bounty; this generous system of benevolence, so extensive, endeared her to the citizens of Vienna, generally; and the Nobility, nay, even to Royalty itself, that she was looked up to with both respect, admiration, and wonder, all ranks strove to emulate each other in rendering her benefit a source of monument to all parties, as the knowledge which they all possess, that a lovely girl, scarcely past the days of childhood, not only supporting her parents in ease, comfort, and elegance,

Yet cheering the hearts  
Of many a child of want.

This bore her fame to the most remote corners of Europe.

The poor look up to her,  
And call her blessed.

Such numerous virtues and talents, combining in a young and beautiful girl, dependant on the public for her support, attracting the attention of many a hoary, though rich libertine,

Who strove by every art to win  
This blooming beauty into sin;  
But all in vain, for to their shame,  
Bright Fanny kept pure, her virtue and her fame.

She took their presents, read their letters, laughed at, then destroyed them, and rejected their offers with silent contempt. Her fond parents watch their charming girl narrowly, being perfectly *au fait* of the grossly insulting proposals made to their beautiful daughter, which her father would have resented, as became a parent and a gentleman, who sees the tempter, like the venomous serpent, striving to



allure his darling child, the prop and support of his age, to destruction and death; but age and infirmities crushed his manly spirit, and he confined his care to ever attending her to the Opera House, even at rehearsals. On the night of her performance, conducting her to her dressing room, seating himself at the door till she was properly equipped for her public exhibition, then conducting her to the wing, from whence she made her elegant *entree* on the stage, from whence her duty performed, there he received her, and conducted her to her happy home and doting mother. Now, who could even for moment suppose, that a young lady, thus protected, admired, and esteemed, could ever deviate from the paths of moral rectitude and honor,

Yet such, alas, was pretty Fanny's fate,  
And to her heart, repentance came, I hope, not too late,  
To guide her to those realms of heavenly joys,  
Where bliss, eternal, is the wishful prize;

now, who could suppose, that virtues, so protected, could fall from her exalted heights of celebrity, to wander in the wilds of temptation, and from thence, stray in the wilderness of error, whose paths lead but to sorrow and repentance, from thence they fall to death; as rapid as when robbed of virtue by him, her young heart has chosen for her worshipped idol for whom she sacrificed woman's brightest jewel, honor, and her virgin fame. I must entreat your pardon, and proceeded with the history of pretty Fanny's earliest days of happiness.

She continued on the highest pinnacle of fame, of virtue, beauty, and philanthropy, till she attained her sixteenth year. How few young girls, on the European boards, as dancers, preserve their chastity uncontaminated for the long period that Fanny did; how few can extenuate their errors with saying they were tempted into sin by youth, love, beauty, wealth, and royalty. Dancers, in all countries and in all ages, from the dancing girls of Asia, to the most celebrated danseuse of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, England, and America, are, by the seducers of all ages in these countries, considered as public property; therefore, are they admired, followed, flattered, and caressed, till they fall; and how terrible is their deviation from virtue, not only to themselves, but to their parents; their honest lovers, if they have any, and their public fame, are all sacrificed, to the vile betrayers, as these intrigues attract public attention at their commencement, and their progress is watched, and talked of, then blazoned to the world with all exaggerations the envy of both sexes can invent, for there is nothing transpires behind the scenes of a Theatre, that is not under the surveillance of the whole host connected with the establishment; among the most prying of them stands the *corps de ballet*, or bally girls, as they are called, curiosity impels, and envy of the superior attractions of the favorite and popular dancers of the day, prompts them to watch her in every action, word, and even the glances of her eye, on the stage; watching them, as they trip the



measure round to a sweet and pleasing sound. Thus, they gaze with an evil eye, and judge her, till she falls; then the cutting sneer, and base insidious smile, betrays their knowledge, then comes the sly whisper, till the secret becomes too weighty to be longer kept, then the clarion of their tongues proclaims a scandalous tale to the world; nay, even the destroyer himself, to excite the envy of her other admirers, boast of his success, and by his public attention draws down calumny on the name of his fair victim; careless of the consequences that will ensue to her, he triumphs in her fallen state.

Why, may it be asked, are dancers greater objects for seduction than the actresses. The question is easily answered; the art of dancing exposes the person to general observation, as they are probably the only object of attraction on the stage to the audience; the light airy motion of the dance, her elegant and becoming dress, the pleasing smile that plays round her lips, the harmony of sweet sounds to which she lightly moves; last, though not least, is the exhibition she is compelled to make of her limbs, creates voluptuous fancy in ardent, temperaments, that becomes and constitutes the baseness of the intrigue. In addition to this, the dancers are ever young and graceful girls, generally very handsome, poor, and unprotected; this the seducer informs himself of, and proceeds with his business of destruction accordingly, till ruined in health, fame, and fortune, probably the mother of children, without a Father to guide them in society, they in time learn the disgrace attached to their birth, and vent the accrimony of their feelings on their mother; thus she lives, her life is embittered with domestic misery, and if she dies, her children are consigned to public charity, or become houseless homeless wanderers on the earth. When she dies, there let the veil of oblivion rest, she meets her judge, where the secrets of all hearts are known.

But Fanny's case was different; her descent was honorable, her situation the best she could desire, as she moved at the head of her profession, and might have married an honorable and worthy man, had not temptation assailed her, in the form of the young Count Rheemsted. Who has not heard or read of the great Napoleon Buonaparte, the Conqueror of Italy, and a large part of Europe, and Emperor of the French, or of his marriage with Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, the offspring of this ill assorted marriage; contracted under the most unhappy auspices, when a lovely girl was compelled to sacrifice herself, and plight her faith to a man old enough to be her Father, to save her country from his ravages, and her country women from the outrages of a soldiery; and in the son of this man the beautiful Fanny Elssler met her seducer, in a youth scarcely of mature age; this and her extreme youth is the only extenuation of the art with which she eluded the vigilance of her ever watchful Father, whose care had preserved her pure and uncontaminated till the precarious age of sixteen, when the passions predominated over prudence, and nature asserts her right to reign su-



preme, over the hearts of youth and innocence, through the bewitching wilds of all powerful love; and alas for pretty Fanny,

The sly young archer sent a dart,  
That wounded the virgin to her heart.

Fanny had, from her entrance into public life, been accustomed to see the youthful Count Rheemsted, occupying his august mother's box in the Opera House, and receiving from his eyes that approbation of her performance etiquette forbid his yielding in the usual manner to her grace, elegance, and surpassing beauty, their eyes had met in the moments of delight and exchange; glances each felt,

But neither understood;

then, while the house was ringing with applause, she escaped from its thunders to the bosom of her fond Father: and the approving glances, she delighted to meet, yet dreaded to encounter, as they gave a richer glow of pleasure to her bosom, than the plaudits of tens of thousands could do, and happy to escape from the brilliant eyes, that elegant, handsome, fascinating youth, the admiration of Vienna, and perhaps of all Europe; what to her must emanate from such glances, what but

Love, the sly master of art?

and in this case, he was indeed a master of art; as he taught them the wit to conceal from the numerous eyes that surrounded them, the young passion, then budding in each heart. The Count's looks of love, were, by the proud Nobility of Vienna, imputed to approbation of her unrivalled talents, ease, elegance, and grace; thus each soft smile towards him spoke volumes to his heart, while the multitude that surrounded them fancied it was humble gratitude for his condescension in bestowing on her a look of approbation, was honoring by his presence her performance; but as none understood those glances of love, sacred only to lover's eyes, a heart on which they doted in their closets—nor would any of the proud nobility have credited, had they been so informed, that the love they coveted for their daughters, sisters, nieces, or grand daughters, should be the property of a public dancer, the child of a merchant, what, though he had been once affluent, he was at present poor, and dependant on that dutiful daughter, who was herself obligated to the public for their patronage; such a suggestion was deemed preposterous, and none could have ever convinced the exclusives of the fact. But among the corps de ballet, the soft language of her eyes as they exchanged looks of love, was well understood and reported accordingly, among their own circle of society? While to the élite it was an embryo which time only would bring to life; but what can escape the eyes of a politician—nothing—they ransack the caverns of the earth in search of that treasure which governs them, and by which they rule the world.



Money, General Jackson says, is power, and that sways all illiberal minds, and by such a being, who is destitute of a heart, was their young love detected, while yet budding; to them its buds was delightful, its blossoms charming, but alas? its fruits were sin, sorrow, death, and bitter repentance, when too late to regain the best paths of prudence, and content, for her ruin had succeeded to love; when two young persons of different sexes are indulging in all the folly of

Loves young dream,—(*Moore*,)

their hearts glowing with all the force of passion, yet compelled by arbitrary laws to combat with their feelings. What can be expected? but if opportunity presents itself, they will gratify every desire of their young, and ardent hearts, even at the expense of prudence, honor, discretion, and every person dear to them; parents, family, friends, fame, and fortune, all are relinquished for the gratification of that passion nature has in their hearts, yet which must ultimately be their destruction if unlawfully indulged. The cunning politician that detected their love, in its early stages, and fed the foolish passion in the young Count's bosom, as it was generally supposed, but to allure him to destruction.

Prince Meitiernich, whose policy and sincere attachment towards the Emperor's son, induced him to watch the progress of that fire that was secretly consuming their young hearts, and privately to feed their folly by imperceptible steps to the precipice of ruin, from whence he hurried them down the gulf of shame, from thence he could hurl them at pleasure into the abyss of misery and death. He was at last too fatally successful. When a nobleman, of his rank, age, fortune, and understanding, condescends to become pander to young persons scarce past the days of childhood, we must be conscious, there is some secret and deep laid plot. When the prince first intimated his discovery to the Count Rheemsteed, his blushes and evasive answers confirmed suspicion and he secretly resolved to be the ruin of both these interesting young persons, the Count, and pretty Fanny, and succeeded, but too fatally, in maturing the secret folly, he had detected in the Opera House, when blooming, in all the bewitching charms of sweet sixteen, artless, innocent, and admired, her beauty embellished, by the elegant costume so becoming her countenance, beaming with love and pleasure, that she appeared to the young Count's fancy as one of the favorite Goddesses, or a wandering Sylph, who had descended from her airy abode of the regions of light, to charm his every sense, rather than a dancing girl, who was exerting all her talents in the graceful art, to delight and amuse him; while she, impelled by the passion that glowed in her breast, excelled even herself, on that fatal night, when her charming smile, on quitting the stage, gave the Count hopes of success, disclosed, their mutual passion to the profound politician, well knowing that they were then at the most critical of all periods in the life of both sexes, yet maugre feeling, honor,



pride, and self-respect, without pity, or even sympathy, with a fond and dotting widowed mother, and conscious of the pangs he must create for the good old Emperor who adored his only amiable grandson, basely to initiate himself into the Count's confidence, and extracted imperceptibly the dear secret, as the young man fancied the best conceal'd secret of his heart, for which he repaid him by indulging his *amour impropre*, with the graceful *danseuse*, and condescended to act as pander to the youthful pair, at whose secret meetings he connived, till her ruin was accomplished, and the Count secured; whether he secured the secret apartments in which they met, was not known, but at the Count's request, a house was purchased for his beloved Fanny, or rather, a *villa*, where he could pass a few delightful hours, or even days with her, and she reside, free from the prying eyes of Nobility, and the authority of her parents, whose distress and grief, at her fall wrung their hearts with grief, and anguish, to whom she transmitted money to support them in their elegant establishment, which they uniformly, and resolutely refused, choosing to submit to every deprivation, rather than live in elegance, on the wages of their daughter's shame. Fanny thus placed in a charming villa, a short distance from the busy haunts of men, I might add the impertinent curiosity of women, enjoying for a time the most perfect happiness, loving and beloved, her hours passed in raptures, when visited by the Count, and during his residence with her, all was sunshine; but this was for a brief season:

Too soon did death assert his sway,  
And call her heart's first love away.

Thus, bereaved of her idol, and totally without the Christian's hope of meeting in a better world, poor Fanny was, for a time, almost a maniac; it was then the tender parent, forgot the errors of their suffering child, pressed her with fondness, forgiveness, and commiseration, conducted the suffering victim of political intrigue to their humble home, where the mourner was for a time concealed from every pursuit of her enemies. How long she remained stationary in Vienna, is unknown, but as I am informed by the European papers, of that date, her loss of the Count, rendered her a recluse from the world; but her parents suffered in silence every deprivation that human nature could endure, except actual want, disdaining to apply, to the man for assistance in the hour of need, who had accelerated, if not caused the ruin of their child, thereby the lost guilty thing she then was, and he, his purpose accomplished, forgot, or seemed to do so, that ever there was such a person as Fanny Elssler.

The next account I read of her, she was at Paris, the frail shadow of her former self, pale, spiritless, and dejected, she looked no more like the blooming Fanny Elssler, that had delighted many of the French nobility in their visits to Vienna, in her bright days of youth and innocence, and though the expression of her countenance was sad, there was a pleasing sweetness in its pensive cast, that in a mea-



sure atoned for the loss of her brilliant bloom, which once had rendered her radiant as the rosy morn. She was again a dancer, being compelled by circumstances to active exertion. Her parents removed with her to Paris, where she resumed her profession, under the most liberal patronage, though her heart no longer panted with its former thirst for that applause so liberally lavished on her by an admiring audience, still she impelled by nature's first best gift, talent, and the best instruction Vienna could afford, the celebrated Taghioni, having been her able instructor, continued to charm and delight the French nobility, her generous friends.

Few nations, so highly appreciate the art of dancing or patronize it with the same enthusiasm as the French; all are dancers, male, and female, old, and young, from the aged grandmother, down to the playful girl of six years,

All on a joking holiday,  
Join the merry roundelay;

and this brilliancy of fancy, so peculiar to this gay and happy people, extends from East to West, from North to South of La grande nation. And though the style of dancing is not so scientific as Miss Elssler's; it was to them as great source of pleasure, as her more elegant style of moving in the graceful art, is to her of profit, and fancy; it was this universal taste that excited for her sorrows, that sympathy among the people, that had rendered her, in their estimation, the most brilliant, and persecuted beauty; they had heard or read of her tale of woe, and late bereavement, so far from depreciating her in their opinion, served to endear her to their hearts. They had loved the father, and for his sake sympathized with the fair *danseuse*, whose ruin the son had caused. Of the liason between her, and her adored Count, the nobility and citizens of France were better informed than those of Austria, of the same rank, for at his death

The shameful tale was only whispered around.

Of her deviation from virtue, in favor of the youthful Buonaparte, who was still remembered by the gay nation; and their deep regret, for his loss. With her dreadful mental sufferings, which they well knew, was excited by love, the virgin's ban; therefore, her fall did not excite any acrimonious feelings, towards her, they pitied and admired,

Au contrie,

her indiscretions, were to them emblems of a warm heart; susceptible of imbibing an ardent and tender affection; they, therefore, participated in her misfortunes; and impelled by their sympathy, determined to improve her fortune: thereby to atone to her, for the anguish she had endured; which they were conscious was the offspring of

La belle passion,

by lavishing on her the idol, which the world covets; accordingly



on Miss Elssler's benefit, being announced by the bills; all ranks, from *La Duchesse*, down to the humble vender of the finny tribe,

Hasten in pairs, to grace the Opera House;

which was, from the dress circle, where sparkling with jewels, and all the elegance of dress, shone the beauty and fashion of the city of Paris, and every other part of the house, was filled to an overflow, while thunders of applause delighted and cheered her, during her arduous performance of her duty that evening, for the amusement of her friends.

Thus, was the calumniated mourner received with indulgence, and supported with eclat, by the nobility, and citizens of Paris; by whom she was protected, from the persecutions of her bitterest enemies; her griefs, moderated, and her fortune improved; till again,

Health bloomed in her cheek, pleasure beamed in her eye,  
No demoiselle looked lovely when Fanny was by.

And she was, on her removal to Paris, almost happy, though a deep heart-rending sigh would, at intervals, escape from her heart, too painful a memorial of him she loved, more than life; this often banished health from her cheek, and left but a share of her former self.

The French, generally, seem to possess a greater charm for banishing sorrow and care from the bosom of affection, than any other nation. This power was, as I have read, successfully exerted in Fanny's favour, by all ranks and degrees.

Her former beauty, cheerfulness, and health, returned; this improvement in her circumstances, contributed, in no slight degree, to render her an object of attraction to the young dissipated noblesse of France, who sought her society, with all the assiduity that passion and gallantry could practise; again was Fanny assailed with letters, offers of settlements, the richest diamonds of Golconda, with every temptation that could be invented, to entice her again in the paths of destruction. But in vain did her Father watch; her Mother, pray. In vain did Fanny, as heretofore, return their letters, and reject their offers. In vain did she assure those insidious young men, who, by bribery and stratagem, obtain access to her presence,

That her heart was cold to love, as Alpine snow,  
Or ice that on the Andes grow.

This serious comic pursuit, of a beautiful, but love-lorn female, continued for a year, till her patience was exhausted; and her Mother, shrinking with horror, at the recollections of the mental sufferings that her daughter had endured—dreading to behold her a wretched maniac, again intreated her husband to obtain a cottage for them, in some sequestered situation,

Far from the busy haunts of men;

to provide such an asylum, she proposed to dispose of all their va-



luable property, and funding the money acquired by their daughter's benefits; to this proposed arrangement, both Mr. Elssler, and Fanny, consented, but who can unfold the volume of futurity, or trace the records of fate; none, as the events of the Elssler family will prove. For scarcely had her respectable parent announced to the manager, that his daughter would relinquish her situation in the Opera House, at the termination of her engagement, and the old gentleman had gone off in search of the desired situation, than Mrs. Elssler was surprised by a card being handed to her with a name written on it, with which she was totally unacquainted; and, on descending to the parlour, found an entire stranger, who proved to be no other than the Duke of Orleans. He humbly requested permission to see her beautiful daughter, in private; but this, the old lady promptly refused, and his grace left the house disappointed and dejected. Where there is will, there is always a way, says the proverb; and his grace of Orleans, soon found the way, through the power of gold, to obtain an interview with the fascinating Fanny.

He had long sighed in secret for the charming danseuse, but Fanny for a considerable time turned a deaf ear to his protestations of honorable constancy, and a liberal settlement for life. Her heart was cold to his love, for a while, and averse to his proposals; but who can resist Royalty, beauty, elegance, and love, when combined in the person of a noble, fascinating young man,

Whose eye allures, and whose tongue persuades;

not Fanny; what may not a day, nay, an hour, produce, when opportunities give place for importunity, and when the humble solicitor is kneeling at your feet, holding out all the attraction of love, ease, affluence, elegance, honorable protection, and a splendid establishment, while,

Au contrie,

her future home, with her parents, presented but a joyless solitude. Thus tempted, again she fell, but not as before, the victim of love, it was rather in conformity with circumstances. Fanny had been raised in a city, habituated from infancy to all the luxuriance and elegance that a profitable and extensive business can produce, and at a more advanced period of life, she had been placed before the public in a conspicuous situation; being flattered by the patronage and plaudits of the crowned Heads of Europe. She had been the chosen object of an ardent enthusiastic young man's love; and had not his rank prevented it, an honorable and legal attachment, this passion would have made her his wife; it had not passed lightly from her bosom; these circumstances, combining with her dread of solitude, where she was conscious she would only weep over the fallacious hopes, and death's cold joys, till madness might ensue; for Fanny loved not solitude; as to her,



Green fields, and shady groves, with bubbling springs,  
Larks, woods, and nightingales, are odious things;

she fancied there would be more happiness, with a charming Duke for a companion, an elegant villa for her residence, within a short drive of Paris, and a retinue of servants for her attendants; so thought, and so acted Fanny; for on her father's return to Paris, he found her mother weeping at her daughter's secondary dereliction from virtue; and Fanny established in an elegant Villa, such as her fancy had portrayed, whither he followed her; but prayers and tears were all in vain, she persevered in her constancy; by this time, Love, the sly urchin, and master of arts had sent at fair Fanny a wandering dart, and her liason with the Duke, which had been formed by circumstances, became a passion, and she loved the Duke, with a feeling, if not as tender, ardent, and durable, as had been her attachment to the Count, still it was warm enough to satisfy the Duke, and for a time they basked in love's sunny bowers, surrounded with elegance, the idol of a fond Nobleman, who lavished thousands on her; she was now patronizing, when before she was patronized, giving to the poor with a liberal hand. Fanny was happy for months. But where, my readers will ask, were her parents? This, I am sorry, I cannot inform them, as all that the papers stated, was, that they had left Paris, and went, no person knew where. Fanny's present amour, like all other illicit engagements, was, for a while, so immured from society, and engrossed by the company of her dear Duke, who seemed to live but for her, that she was lost to the world. Europe, about this period, became convulsed, the rupture between Holland and the Netherlands was gaining ground, and civil war, with all its horrors, spread its devastation through the once united kingdoms before mentioned, which terminated in the Netherlands gaining their ancient rights as a nation; thousands among them still adhered with the pertinacity, those sturdy Sons of Flanders, only can show to a monarchical form of government, in preference to a republic.

And after emancipating their country, forming a constitution, consisting, like our own, of an upper and lower house, they wisely proceeded to choose a king; whose powers should be limited, and put upon a parallel with the Royal family of Great Britain. The Electors choose Leopold of Saxe Coburg, the once beloved and esteemed husband of the princess Charlotte, of England, who died giving birth to her first child; Uncle to Queen Victoria, and brother to her husband Prince Albert. The election of Leopold, by the Flemish States, to the throne of the Netherlands, was an epoch, almost unparalleled; to see a free and independent people, after having thrown off one monarchical yoke, at the expense of immense treasure, and the best blood in the country, proceeding regularly and methodically to place themselves again under the auspices of a monarch; and the event has proved how wisely they have chosen, as Leopold has shown by his prudence, wisdom, and policy, and insured to the country, the



friendship, trade, and alliance, which is secured by his marriage with the amiable and beautiful Princess of France. But where was the Elsslers, says the reader; enjoying all the pleasures, that health, wealth, that happiness could bestow, till the marriage of the Princess of France with Leopold, King of the Netherlands, abruptly dissolved the liason, which might otherwise have been annihilated by satiety. Pretty Fanny departed to England; in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, we find her a dancer at the Opera House, in London; but whether as a pupil, or as a protegee of Taglioni's, or wholly unconnected with her, the work from whence I derive my information, does not inform me. It had been happy for the pretty Fanny if, in consolation with the innocence of her early life, the picture here drawn, presents her in the days of childish vivacity, even after her two liasons, had she continued the unsophisticated girl she then was, her early errors would have been forgotten, the veil of oblivion would have been thrown over them, and the waters of Lethe, obliterated them from the memory of the generous, and liberal-minded Nobility of England, who will tolerate, and pardon the genial errors of youth, when not practised under their inspection. Thus, might Fanny again have acquired public confidence and esteem, but for her own folly, and I am sorry to say, that our favourite forgot honour, prudence, and delicacy; for, in the work from which I gain my information, I find her dancing to attract the attention of an elderly gentleman of high rank, and vast fortune, with whom she afterwards formed a liason, although he was a married man, and old enough to be her Father; what her inducements were to place herself under such protection, no one could imagine; her salary was liberal, her patronage was extensive, and of the first order in the kingdom; therefore it must have been her mercenary motives, alone, which influenced her to form this connection; if so, her views were fully realized, as her establishment was elegant, her jewels splendid, and her dresses the richest that Paris could furnish; this engagement lasted till decency required him to attend his lady to the German Spa, for the recovery of her health.

And in his absence, Fanny coquetted with any handsome young nobleman; and they were numerous that sought her society. Fanny's beauty had created her many enemies among the subordinates of the Opera House, and this gradually reached the Duke's ears, and the liason was terminated shortly after his lady's death; and for some time the Elssler was the most fashionable Belle of the season; lover succeeded lover, in her favor, and being totally void of art, as the world would say, prudence, sufficient to conceal these flirtations, which was marked by her enemies, and reported accordingly, by this folly she lost the favor of the ladies of the Court. Queen Adelaide, a prude of the German school, was then at the head of ton, and the strictest German etiquette governed the British Court; therefore, those public female characters who infringed the laws of virtue, and were detected, or even suspected, was looked coldly on, by all the female ex-



clusives at court, till they were ultimately frowned down into insignificance. This accounts for Fanny's frequent excursions into the Continent of Europe; as on every faux-pas, or even flirtation of hers being discovered, she would, if possible, withdraw from the English stage, till recalled again by the elite of both sexes, conscious that the formal manners of the Court, would deter them from visiting the Opera House for fear of offending the too prudent Queen, who would, if she did not reprimand her, refrain from visiting the establishment, to which she was attached, conscious by remaining she would injure the business and interests of the company, thus painfully mortifying her feelings by leaving England to atone for her folly; she therefore generously made an excursion, on these occasions, to Paris first, the scene of her second error, where she was ever received with the most unbounded applause by the nobility of all ranks, and citizens of every class and situation; her liason with his grace, the Duke of Orleans, had not depreciated her in the estimation of the liberal minded Parisians; and her return was always hailed as a jubilee, by the patrons of the Opera House. Her residences in that city, was therefore, even to her, a source of pleasure, with profit, and it was with regret she quitted Paris, to fulfil other engagements, which she had made previous to her leaving England, with the various cities of Europe. As to excel all the dancers of the age, as much in popularity, as she did in science, elegance, and grace; ever impelled by this thirst of fame, she sacrificed even happiness, to the gratification of the predominating passion of her heart, but her honor, ever retained so powerful a sway, on her mind, that she never was known to break an engagement, made in her profession, on any condition; it was immaterial, how advantageous, the terms offered to her; she adhered tenaciously to her engagements; this rendered her so truly respectable among the managers on the Continent of Europe, that she generally made her own terms; and if any thing, *par accident* deterred her from arriving where she was expected in proper time, it was generally attributed to its true source, as Fanny's honor and integrity was never suspected; it was therefore, chance, accident, or circumstances, that received the censure of the aggrieved party, and not the lovely danseuse, who was considered the emblem of justice and truth,

For firm in purpose, strong in mind,  
She ever to the right inclin'd.

But Miss Elssler was a dancer, young, and beautiful, with a heart formed for love alone; she was, therefore, by the young nobility of Europe, marked as a proper object for dishonourable pursuit, and as such was she sought for, by dissolute libertines of those cities, where her profession called her; for alas! she had no

Brother, in a sister's quarrel bold.

Her Father, when she formed that liason with the Duke of Orleans,



assigned her to the fate she had chosen; cursed and renounced her as a stigma to his name, and rendered to her sister Theresa, the tender attention he formerly lavished on his beloved Fanny, who he then resolved to alienate from his heart, and exclude forever from his family, as an indelible stigma on his once honorable name; but in this barbarous act he forgot her affectionate, and fatiguing exertions in contributing to the ease and comfort of his age, when in his dark hour of adversity, she scarce more than a child, not having attained to her twelfth year, he had accepted for her a proposition from a friend, who had frequently been an admiring spectator of her proficiency in the elegant art, and delightedly beheld her; when, like Terpsichore, she floated

With easy grace, adown the mazy dance;

In her happy days of childhood, this, their kind neighbour, being connected with the Opera House, proposed to Mr. Elssler using his influence with the manager of that establishment, to introduce his two daughters as members of the *corps de ballet* in the Opera. This proposition was gladly accepted by him, while his daughters heard of it with pleasure, almost amounting to rapture,

And his wife with pain.

A fatal presentiment of the evils this flattering, but in her opinion, dangerous, and unpropitious engagement, was heard of by her, with a sensation approaching to terror, and every impediment to its being fulfilled, was suggested by her, but in vain; ease, and comfort were Mr. Elssler's idols, and to obtain them, he submitted his two lovely daughters to the most mortifying and dangerous situation in which it was possible to place them; on the contrary, the girls themselves were delighted; young, lovely, and attractive, they made their debut on the boards of the Vienna Opera House, in a humble, but conspicuous situation, as public dancers of the lowest grade. But the poor old gentlemen overlooked all danger or consequences which might result to his children from their exposed situation, in the hope of the emoluments which he would gain by the engagements, and emulation which their appearing on the stage together, would excite; this, and his desire of honorably fulfilling his contract with the Managers of the Opera House, left him, totally devoid of apprehension for their future safety, nor did he ever entertain an idea but that their sense of honor, and propriety would prevent their ever desiring any other society than that afforded by their own family.

“But the needy man that hath known better days,  
“Will grasp at straws, to change his fortune.

And Mr. Elssler was the person here portrayed; for he ought to have been conscious that a young, lovely, and attractive girl, like Fanny, would be assailed by every temptation that beauty could create, on her being placed in so conspicuous a situation, as a public dancer.



It was now the poor derived from her early bounty, and youthful hand, so many worldly blessings in the form of donations, which her liberal salary enabled her to make to them ; and which she, in the exuberance of her brilliant fancy, beheld as a reward for her early exertions, by which she acquired her present proficiency in the elegant accomplishment of dancing with ease, grace, and science, as from this art, she derived the source that enabled her thus, to be liberal, though scarcely more than a child, and this knowledge her parents possessed of the interest this benevolent propensity created for her among all ranks of the citizens of Vienna.

But who heard the tale, from fame alone ;

Impelled them to liberally contribute, with the salary she received from the Opera House, a fair portion, thereby enabling her to gratify her generous feelings in favor of distress, and to aid which the Nobility of Vienna indirectly contributed, by filling the house on the the nights of her appearance. This, the watchful Manager soon observed, therefore her exhibition was nightly opened, for the humane child ; and the brilliant prospect she had in prospective into which she afterwards arrived,

Of fortune blent with fame.

And her little heart exulted with triumph at her unrivalled success, in the profession to which her Father's circumstances, had assigned her, and her sister, in the imperial Opera House of Vienna ; in this too, she fortunately, for her own happiness, and her virtues. When a mere girl, consigned to oblivion by this, her Father's arrangement ; what, though for a time they sparkle as stars in the hemisphere of Vienna, and her fortunes flourished like the "green bay tree ;" but, alas ! when she became a woman, she fell from virtues height, and became an outcast, from the parental roof, till frenzy warped her mind, when pity restored her to her home, and the bosom of maternal tenderness. Again, her mother wept at the sufferings of her erring daughter, but after her second lapse from virtue, with her Father's malediction resting on her head, while lolling in the bowers of indolence, elegance, and extravagant luxury, she braved the world, and estimated its good opinion as a fading meteor, which dazzles, but to deceive, preferring her Royal Duke, and the advantages his wealth gave her to friends, and family, there her too tender Mother frequently weeps in secret with soul, and sorrows of this too fondly beloved daughter, particularly, as was too often the case, Fanny was detected in a new illicit intercourse ; then, indeed, she sorrowed as one without hope, and reflected on her husband as causing the misery thus introduced into her family, by his avaricious folly, in placing their girls on the dangerous boards of the Opera House ; and next, for his unfeeling cruelty towards her darling Fanny ; then, for his unbending spirit in not forgiving, consoling, and receiving her again to his parental protection, and sequestered but decent home, on the



termination of her liason with the Duke being dissolved ; but all in vain, this obdurate Father continued inexorable to all her prayers, and entreaties, and Fanny continued alone, exposed to all the illicit addresses of any titled libertine that choose to make or transmit them to her, while travelling like the "wandering Jew," to any of the different cities where her profession required her to visit, or like the dove, which Noah sent from the Ark to seek a resting place ; but, alas ! for poor Fanny, there was no Asylum, for any limited time, like the dove ; she might pluck the olive branch, but there was no ground on which to plant it, and unlike the dove, she had no ark to return to, nor friendly hand to receive her ; perhaps, had she like the prodigal son, sought her Father's mansion, and said in the language of Scripture.

Father, I have sinned against the world, and you, and pray to be forgiven. Nature would have exerted her powerful sway over his bosom, and his doors are again opened to his penitent daughter. But this, her pride, and a portion of her Father's spirit, inherent in her nature, forbid her doing, and she continued among strangers, who appreciated her residence among them, but for what they gained by her ; and Oh ! how different did she find this forlorn state, from the delightful hours, when in infancy, and childhood, a fond Father caressed, and protected her ; while a tender Mother watched her every look with a conscious care ; nightly, when she slept far from thence, was her pillow bedewed with tears, at the remembrance of that delightful period.

Alas ! poor Yorick ?

No friendly door opened to receive you ; alone you are left to pine and die ! Yet what was your crime which a Father cannot pardon, and cruelly withholds from you a Sister's fondness, and a Mother's love. Her fault was a venial one, of which hundreds have been guilty, and will continue so to be.

While men are false, women weak, and believing ;  
Then Libertines use every art for deceiving.

Fanny's circumstances continued prosperous in a pecuniary point of view, between five and six years, so great was her emoluments, acquired by her profession, that she refused from the Manager of the Opera House, as was supposed made to her by the King's authority, of three thousand pounds, annu lly for life, on condition she would remain that establishment eight months, which she rejected, from motives best known to herself, and continued roaming from Kingdom to State, and from State, to Kingdom, where her profession led her, at intervals, the gayest of the gay ; till too painful memory recalled to her mind's eye the scenes of sorrow, through which she had passed. Then would despondency usurp the place in her mind, late brightened by a gleam of sunshine, and she would sink into a low melancholy state, that almost incapacitated her from fulfilling the duties of her profession, and it was remarked, says my informer, it was in these seasons of despondency, her liasons was either formed, or bro-



ken off; perhaps had her Father remembered his own youthful years, the recollection would have ameliorated the obduracy of his heart, and rendered him more indulgent to his successful, but erring daughter. While, she happily re-established under the parental roof, and his protection would have been secure from the temptations, which, when it became publicly ascertained, that she stood alone in the world, daily, nay, hourly, assailed her, and ultimately seduced her to a third liason in England with the Duke of M——, and on the resolution with which she continued to infringe the laws of her Creator, and those of Society, with impunity, uncontrolled, and unreprieved, except by the reprimands, or by the cold stern frown of Queen Adelaide. And from these, she generally retreated to the more genial air of Paris, and the cheering plaudits of the gay Parisian, soon eradicated from her memory, the cutting reproof, or stern soul chilling frown of the British Queen.

But the good, just intentioned Mr. Elssler, had adopted an erroneous method of rendering his daughter a fair *Penitent*, for the venial crime of love, by making her independent of his authority, and totally her own mistress, with beauty to excite admiration, and love, with a heart but too susceptible of that passion, in its most ardent state, and dependant on a profession which inspires voluptuousness for a subsistence, what could be expected from a young, lovely, and unprotected woman, who was known to have sacrificed her chastity, but that she would fall the victim of temptation she says, with the author of *Adelgithia*,

She who has fallen, will fall again.

When even the watchfulness of her Father, for the preservation of that virtue he ever desired to see shine conspicuous in the conduct of his dear Fanny! had failed. How could he expect that a girl left wholly to her own guidings, but that she would again become the victim of error, nay, had he not by his own vigilance, rendered her mind imbecile, prepared that mind for dependance, on some protection, then barbarously forsook her. Alas! how slender was his knowledge of the human heart generally, and of woman's in particular, not to be conscious that the more vigorously they are guarded, the greater their anxiety will be to encounter danger, and every plea they can devise to elude that vigour, and despite as was Fanny's case, of the rigid care of their natural protectors meet ruin half way, or attracted by allurements fall. Hence it often occurs in life, that most exemplary and pious parents have the most disobedient and profligate children.

Doctor Goldsmith says in his inimitable Novel of the Vicar of Wakefield, the virtue which requires constant guarding, is not worth the trouble of watching! And the truth of the Doctor, adage, Fanny but too fairly realized, commencing with deceiving her family, and the world, by eluding the vigilance of Mr. Elssler, on her liason with Count Rheemsteed, who was generally supposed to have fallen



a sacrifice to his boyish attachment, and the effervescence of this, his first passion, or the machinations of state policy, but which has never transpired, and will ever remain a secret; but it is certain that something undermined his constitution, and he died at an early age. A large portion of censure has been attached to Prince Mitiernich, on his account. How justly he merited the animadversions upon his conduct, in this affair, through Europe, and America, God only can determine, and to his judgment, alone, we will leave the deep politician, and return to our fair favorite, Fanny, who continued, *maugre* her unrivalled pecuniary success in her profession, or still an unhappy pilgrim on the earth without end, or aim, object to live for, except the amusement of the idle, and the conversations of the dissipated reckless libertine of fashion and fortune, who worshipped at her shrine in the different cities of Europe, which increased her popularity in her profession, by their plaudits, but sunk her in the estimation of honorable persons, whose good opinion would have conduced to her happiness, and their attendance at her benefit would have been fame, and fortune to her. The attractive magnet that created joy to others, and drew thousands into the treasury of the Opera Houses, to which she was attached, yet was she, herself, the victim of satiety; naught to her was delightful, or gratifying, but the remembrance of

Home, home, sweet home.

And while the house rang with plaudits, at her unrivalled elegance and grace, she heard them not, for home pressed heavy on her feeling heart, and her celebrity was lost in the recollections of that dear, that much loved home.

Sole source to her of all the joys,  
Her heart so long had loved to prize.

What was fortune, or fame to her, and with all their liberality, she could acquire, nothing! What had she to live for? Man delighted her not, nor woman either? To her existence, from all her heart, held dear in this bustling, busy world, yet to whom could she turn, for that guardian care, her natural, but unkind parent, withheld from her? None, and life was to her a blank. But thou, O Lord, the Orphan's friend, the widow's stay, was with her, and even in the dark hours of midnight, consoled her, although her heart knew thee not, nor called upon thy holy name.

Fanny had seldom been an attendant on divine worship, and then only in compliance with her Mother's request; or at some high festival of the Church; yet she lived in an age, and country, where Religion was at least practised, and revered externally, yet she knew not her Creator? and that added to her other deficiencies, a tenacity of opinion, early acquired from her Father, that misled her, that had it not been for that charity so natural to her, which, as the proverb says, covereth a multitude of sins, she would have sunk into the darkest recesses of despair; that Fanny was a sinner, the world is conscious,



but that she was also charity personified; and we hope that her charity to the poor, ameliorated many of her sins, although

Her pity gave, her charity began,

But what can administer to a mind deceased? And Miss Elssler's mind, was the seat of sorrow, that created the disease which consumed her health, and daily exhausted her spirits; then she lived, for what purpose, she knew not, but wept till tears alleviated the agonies of that heart, whose best feelings was interred in the tomb of her beloved Count, whose spirit she panted to join in that bright, and better world, whither he had flown, thus, was that hope alone, the charm that supported life, and rendered her a brave, but fearless spirit; thus she lived, guided by fancy only; who, like a meteor gleaming in the air, deceived her soul, while it amused her mind, by whispering death—was her only source of consolation, as it consigned her to an eternal oblivion of all her sufferings, thereby offending a just, and terrible Creator, who, let us hope, will not permit her to be entirely lost, as the laborer, who came at the eleventh hour; was as welcome to the Lord as them who entered on their work early in the morning; and our heroine's situation is in the same condition of the woman caught in Adultery; the Saviour sayeth, Let them that have no faults cast the first stone; and as we all have many, no stone was cast at the offending criminal, who will, we trust, live for repentance, which I hope will be the fate of erring Fanny, who chastized for errors which she only participated, will, by the power who formed the world, be permitted to live and work out her own salvation, as she can by an acceptable conduct in the estimation of the world, and a pure holy one in the judgment of her beneficent Creator, who desires not the death of sinners, but that they may turn from their desolate ways, and live candidates for eternal life, through the merits of him who died, that all might live peacefully in this world, then closing their eyes in the sleep of death, in this world, wake to eternal happiness in the next, and when thus called by the imperial mandate of Heaven, may she here enjoy that peace which passeth all understanding, keep her heart, and mind in the knowledge, and love of God, in this life, that her latter days, she may be happy, that when summoned by death to realms of bliss, the wishes of all good people who are acquainted with her virtues, may have the consolation of hoping her end was happy, that she is in the full enjoyment of heavenly bliss. Having thus conducted our favorite Fanny to the highest state of sublunary happiness, which any member of the human family can hope to obtain, and ideally blest, we will leave her to the happiness I trust she will yet merit, and proceed with her history.

Fanny continued travelling from one city to another, whither her profession called her, apparently preferring that wandering life, as if she said to the world, I will still by this rambling life seek for a permanent home, and for nearly five years had she any other accommodations, than the Inns in which she stopt at on her several journeys,



and the Hotels in which she was accommodated, when stationary during the period of her performance, at length her heart sickened with the keen affection occasioned by her alienation from her family. Nature will be heard by all her children, and Fanny was one, therefore, at the recollection of her Father, Mother, and Sister, reverted to memory,

She sighed, and shed the bitter tear.

At length courage usurped the place fear had held in her heart; conscience, says Shakspeare,

Makes cowards of us all.

And Fanny had indeed been a coward, as

Conscience was her great, her just accuser.

Encouraged, though condemned by its powerful voice, she resolved once more to visit Vienna, as she was, at that period, to the surprise of many, without an engagement, or a liason, though that need not have been the case, if she had been so disposed, but her heart panted to revisit Vienna, the scene of all her early joys, childish sports, and brilliant professional success, where she had laid the basis of her present ample fortune; but it, alas! was also the scene of her early love, her crime, and shame, her sorrow, and her wretched maniacism! yet there she resolved to return, although at the risk of imprisonment, if not death. How powerful is the operations of nature, in a young, and feeling heart, and although Fanny was conscious that to the intrigues of the Minister of the Empire, Mitiernich, she owed her ruin, and all the evils it had created for her, yet did she long to see him, and talk of her beloved Count. Her parents, and Sister, were also powerful magnets to attract her to Vienna, and hither she privately removed. To effect this, the noble independence she had acquired by her profession, enabled her to do so on a very elegant, and extensive scale, yet this lavish expenditure but increased her sorrow, and repentance for the days she had passed over, she visited the Villa, where she once resided with her beloved, and now to her lost Count, for whom she shed bitter tears of sorrow; one whole day did she consecrate to his memory, and that day, was past amidst those charming scenes, whose beauty they once had enjoyed together; thus she past that last day. She ever beheld her beautiful residence; this was to her a feeling of the most bitter anguish, as she mused beneath those lovely, leafy shades, where they so often had strayed in their hours of love, she wept, and mourned his fate, with bitter tears.

Then as evening shed her ebon shade,  
And silver Cynthia brighten dell, and glade,

she bade adieu to her once delightful residence, and returned to her settled and elegant home, of which she alone was Mistress, and here she determined to reside in her beautiful establishment, but as a recluse in the place of her birth, as she rarely ventured into society,



and then only to seek a private interview with her Mother, and Sister, to effect which, she has walked for hours,

And the pale moon, with shadowy light,  
Guided her way, and cheered her sight.

And in this paradise she continued for several weeks, during which, at intervals, she wandered like a guilty ghost, around the scenes of her childish sports; and this continued for some time, till accident, perhaps, the guardian care of her better genius, brought the Mother, and daughter in contact, at the door of a Church, as they were both entering the sacred portals at the same time, and nature, true to her duty, attracted the Mother to her daughter's side, whom she instantly recognized, although covered with a rich thick veil; need I add that this, their first meeting, which was all tender emotion on both sides, such as would have attracted public attention, by rendering their joy at this unexpected meeting, and their too tender feelings, conspicuous to the spectators, would have betrayed the too agitated Fanny to her enemies, had not the prudence of her Sister Theresa, who was accompanying her Mother to Church, when they thus met, preserved her from public observation, by conducting them a short distance from the crowd, from whence they adjourned to Fanny's residence, where the pleasures they experienced, at this happy restoration to each other's society, from which she had been so long estranged by the commands of her inexorable Father, and when I add, that they enjoyed more genuine happiness, than either had experienced for years—and were so blest, that they could not withhold from that stern Father, their forgiveness for their long estrangement, and present delightful meeting, at which Fanny was so charmed, that she forgot every pain, and sorrow she had experienced, and being thus restored to the arms and confidence of an affectionate Mother, from whom she had been for years excluded, and she now gave full sway to the fond exultations of her dutiful, and tender heart, and wept on that kind paternal bosom,

Tears of rapture, love, and joy.

That thus all her lonely wanderings, had happily terminated in the embrace of her affectionate Mother, from whose tender care she had been so long estranged, by her almost peculiar circumstances, from that being whom she had been ever taught to love, and respect. Her Sister Theresa also participated in the happiness that attended this delightful and happy meeting between the fond parent, and her dutiful daughter, and partook warmly in the joy of their being again united, as she hoped, to be no more estranged from each other in affection, and trusted that though their persons might be divided, their hearts best feelings would ever combine.

Fanny, the long lost Fanny, was now presented to her Sister, and restored to her with pleasure, and sincerity, those affections she had experienced for her in childhood,



When happy to be fair and young,  
Together they had danced and sung,

And she wept tears of joy, as she gained that dear, that beloved Sister, for the loss of whose society she had mourned in secret; and from whom she was now inwardly resolved, not if possible, to be separated, but to continue together. But it was now time for them to separate, as the strictness with which Mr. Elssler watched the pretty Theresa, rendered their return home requisite; and they, after kissing this restored daughter, and Sister, having previously made arrangements for their future meeting; and returned home, to pray for happiness, while Fanny retired to her chamber, to weep tears of joy and sorrow. At this, her happy restoration, to the embraces of her affectionate Mother, from whose tender care she had been so long estranged by her almost peculiar situation, and the unmerited misfortune of her youth, which had expelled her from her parental, and happy, and domestic home. Her Sister, Theresa, also participated in the rapture, that attended this delightful meeting, and rejoiced warmly in being for the present re-united to that Sister whose affection for her during their unhappy separation, had ever remained pure, sincere, tender, and enduring; ever combining with their early love, a desire to see that dear Sister, again restored to the family comforts, and domestic happiness; while Fanny delighted at having this long lost Sister returned to her, they wept tears of joy in thus regaining the society of her beloved Fanny. From this period, Mrs. Elssler was compelled to practice a deception upon her husband, for which she almost despised herself, well knowing Mr. Elssler to be the slave of prejudice; she wisely determined to conceal from him their daughter's present residence in Vienna; and to preserve the secret of her return to this, her native City; her, and Theresa visited their beloved Fanny alone, at secret intervals, when they were certain Mr. Elssler was so deeply engaged, either with his business, or company, to know they were absent, while this dutiful daughter, charmed at receiving them at a house of her own, welcomed them with every demonstration

Of that duty, and her love,  
Which her heart had longed to prove.

And they but too happy at having her again restored to them, practised every art woman's heart could devise to preserve their secret, undetected by her Father, who, they dreaded, coming to her at night, when the city was quiet, they kept silent on a subject they well knew would expose them all to a second parting, by his denouncing her to her enemies, as he frequently threatened he would, if she ever came to Vienna; not that they could for a moment imagine he would be such a barbarian as to betray his daughter to shame, or punishment, and thus she continued to reside peaceably, though unhappily, in this, her native City; that place where she had been admired, loved, followed, and caressed by the greatest Noblemen in Europe;



the recollections of that happy period, but too frequently awoke the keenest anguish in her heart, which was increased by her present secret and concealed residence, which accorded, bye the bye, with her former gay habits, and brilliant prospects in early life, nay, even her vanity, for Fanny is vain, and who is not in a degree? These gay fancies, and regrets, preyed on her spirits, and debilitated her system, till she was almost consumed by ennui, and she fancied imps flitted through her elegant drawing room, and splendid boudoir, without interruption, distracting her mind, and marring the happiness she derived from the visits of her Mother, and Sister, which was neither as long, nor as frequent as she could desire; this converted these brilliant apartments, almost into the very abodes of silence, as she, with her respectful dumb attendant, who was compelled to observe a profound silence, by her lady's taciturnity, and who sat by her,

The very emblem of that silence consumed by grief with nothing to detach her thoughts, and feelings from the sorrow that thus absorbed her, but the playful manœuvres of a small French poodle, who, by its gambols, sometimes forced a smile to irradiate the cheek of its fair mistress; and in a measure ameliorated the ennui, which was thus consuming her, and brightened the solitude that in a degree reigned in these noble apartments, of which her mute attendant, and the playful animal, were its only inhabitants, except when her Mother, and Sister visited her, and them, which they did at every opportunity; or when impelled by the dark dictation of his vicious mind, the Prince Mietiernich; who, induced by designs best known to himself, frequently waited on her

At the ebon hour of night,

and more frequently than the prudence of her Mother approved of, who, as his visits were confined to certain secrets, and equivocal hours; these were minutely noted by the good old lady, who observed to her daughter, that she well knew, and justice said

That deeds of darkness shuns the light.

She therefore suspected he was planning some injury to her daughter, and secretly resolved to circumvent his plot, by silently

Counter plotting!

And thus preserve her child from his base, or treacherous designs, if he had any; thus, she by her sense, which a Mother only could have devised to save her child, she accordingly confined Theresa to her chamber for a day, then she informed her husband of her daughter having been seized with a sudden, and dangerous disease, which would compel her to keep her bed for a time; being perfectly aware of Mr. Elssler's horror for any kind of danger, and the terror with which he dreaded the air; or, as he termed it, the effluvia of a sick room, and she was conscious there was no risk of detection on her consigning Theresa to her Sister's residence, instead of her own,



thereby preserving her eldest daughter's reputation, free from further taint, while the youngest agreed to remain stationary there during her Sister's residence in Vienna, which Fanny, conscious of the risk she incurred by remaining, determined her residence should be terminated at a very recent period, and by this proper, and well conducted arrangement, was the delighted, pure, simple minded daughter, who loved her young Sister, with a tenderness almost unequalled,

In woman, to woman.

They were, when children, companions, and playmates, then candidates for fame; thus their success had been equal, therefore, no spirit of envy marred their domestic happiness, and good will towards each other, thus silently, and affectionately had passed their early life, beneath their parent's roof, and when Fanny eloped from beneath that roof, the young Theresa wept in silent sorrow for the loss of her beloved Sister; and now, when the lenient hand of time had restored her to them, and she beheld her, as she fancied, in danger of again becoming the victim of the policy or designs of the man, who, according to the gossip fame, had once caused her ruin; she shuddered, and resolved to be her guardian spirit; while Fanny, suspecting that all was not correct in the secret, and nightly visits of the Prince; and having no inclination to become the subject of the inveterate scandal in the neighborhood, the Prince's visits had attracted that calumny, the censorious world is but too prone to lavish on a young, beautiful, accomplished woman, and as such only was she known in the vicinity; how then must Fanny's affection been increased, when she beheld that young Sister making a sacrifice of time to her, and braving even her Father's anger to preserve her from becoming the victim of that censure on account of an old, rich, and ugly Nobleman, and who had been the source of the early distresses she had experienced, and who was now insidiously endeavoring to draw on her the envy, malice, and hatred of her neighbors, and who was rendered by vanity

"Unconscious he had not any charms

"To win a blooming virgin to his arms.

And Fanny had no desire of such a conquest unless compelled to it, as she had once been by necessity, and might, and did engage in a liason, when impelled by love, or fancy, with a handsome young Nobleman, who for the time being lavished on her in wealth; but she had no taste for age, vice, and ugliness, nor even any idea, of being censured when she was not guilty.

To have the name, and not the gain,  
Would be a sacrifice of fame;

And grateful to her young Sister, for thus preserving her from that dreaded evil, she thankfully received her into her elegant dwelling with gratitude, as her friend, and preserver. Again did her former cheerfulness, gaiety, good humour, and philanthropy become the inmates of her bosom, again, did she poor of Vienna participate in



her bounty, and bless her for the comforts that her humanity bestowed on them.

Fanny had not been so calmly happy since the period of her establishing herself in this, her native City, and she determined her young, and beloved Sister should experience the same delightful feelings that thus animated her own bosom, and to impart which she had ample recourses, the rare valuable accomplishments of which she was Mistress; thus, to impart these treasures to the young Theresa, was her delightful, and daily employment, and which was so judiciously, and scientifically taught that in a short time the young Theresa equalled, if she did not excel her teacher, in music, fancy work, and embroidery; dancing they had acquired in early youth: and again was Fanny's drawing-room enlivened with "the sweet silvery sounds of science, and of art," the youthful Theresa almost forgot the parental mansion, and a cold, unfeeling Father, chilling love. Theresa was now in her nineteenth year, a spirit of independance began to usurp the place in her heart almost bordering on apathy, but which her parents misnamed content, and to this, her laudible spirit, her residence with Fanny had materially affected, she admired, the tast neatness, and elegance, that pervaded through Fanny's dwelling, and which she was conscious as far as her knowledge extended had been acquired by her Sister in the exercise of her profession, and she now determined to emulate that Sister by following her example in the science of ease, and grace; in this laudible spirit, Fanny encouraged her, they could, she observed, travel side together, money might be remitted to their parents, that would contribute to their comforts, while the Sisters could reside together, Fanny secretly flattering herself that the knowledge she had so painfully experienced, would enable her to shield her Sister from the rocks of temptation, that had wrecked her peace, and blasted her fame, secretly resolving to have no more liaisons; the past could not be recalled, but she determined that in the practice of virtue, for her future years, should atone for the errors of her youth, and as far as public fame flies, she has strictly adhered to her resolution, as not liason has tarnished her name, since her reunion with her young, and affectionate Sister; again did Fanny's harp breath forth celestial sounds of harmony, and love, through the hitherto silent boudoir, and the drawing-room resounded with the "silver strains" of her harmonious voice, as she skillfully revived, her Sisters, early acquired knowledge, on these instruments, again did "the laugh, and song" cheer their late sombre spirits, and again

"They tript on light fantastic toe"

through the splendid drawing-room, and Fanny was happy, thus delighted with the society of her Sister, while Theresa, accustomed to the lonely solemn silence which reigns in their Father's house, so disgusting to a young animated girl, she shuddered at the idea of returning. Music was Fanny's passion, she loved it in her soul; it was that that had formed her for her peculiar excellence in her professions, her heart was also turned to love, and although her first passion had been



her ruin, yet singular as it may appear, she still loved the sly urchin

Who had been to her a source of pleasure, and of pain,  
Such as she ne'er could know again.

Need I add that the unity between her, and her Sister, recalled to her mind, the days of her early love, and endeared her to Fanny's heart, with more than fraternal affection; Teresa, in the mean time thus, admirably instructed, and by the hand she loved, became a proficient in every elegant art that Fanny taught her, thus looking up to her Sister as a friend, and companion, she trembled at the idea of a solitary home, and secretly determined on not returning to the paternal mansion, unless recalled by a peremptory mandate from her Father, this summons Fanny well knew,

Would ring the knell of her darling joys,  
If robbed of that fair girl she had longed to prize.

She accordingly resolved, to endeavor to secure Theresa's society to herself, being convinced by experience that

Procrastination is the thief of time,

Made a proposition to her Sister of continuing to reside with her, to which Theresa joyfully acceded. Fanny, therefore, disposed of her furniture, relinquished her house, and in three weeks from Theresa's becoming a resident beneath her roof, they quitted Vienna. To this measure, their Mother yielded her reluctant consent, but fully sensible of the advantages that Theresa would derive from Fanny's experience in life, and eminence of her elegant art, also dreading her husband's anger at the artifice she had practised, consented to their departure, together as well knowing his temper would expend itself on her alone, which she valued not; but she also dreaded the failure of his business, and felt how requisite to their aged comfort would be the pecuniary assistance which Fanny proposed sending her, as also the eclat her youngest daughter would acquire by being brought out as a public dancer under her Sister's auspices, while Theresa shuddering at the idea of meeting an angry Father, used every exertion to expedite their departure from Vienna. The next account I find of them, they were in Paris, accommodated at one of the best hotels in that gay city, here Fanny received an advantageous, and eligible engagement, and the fair Theresa again beheld her Sister in all the glory of her elegant art, here our modern Terpsichore delighted the gay Parisians by her elegance, and grace, here they continued for an indefinite time; to what period that time was prolonged, my informant does not say; the next account I find of them, is from the Albion, it states as follows:—

The Elssler's, has just completed an engagement at the Opera House, London, and with their usual success, honor, pecuniary advantages, and with the highest eclat possible; as a competition between them, and Taglioni, has been the order of the season, the contest is not yet decided by the critics, or exclusives. The Taglioni's principal excellence is feeling; while the Elssler's particular attrac-



tions, are ease, elegance, and grace. This is the purport of the subject, as transcribed from the Albion, the whole forming too much matter for our limits. Mademoiselle Elssler is it is said now under the protection of Mr. W— —, of Philadelphia.

Having acquired the reputation of the first danseuse in Europe, she determined to cross the Atlantic and acquire the same in the United States; where by her success, we find her creating the following excitement:

#### THE ELSSLER SERENADE AND THE ELSSLER JACKASSES.

The two foreign prints published in this city, the Herald and the Courier des Etats Un's, inform us that the serenade yesterday morning in honor of Fanny Elssler, passed off in a very satisfactory manner. The Herald says:

"The serenade came off in a fine style, after midnight; a full account is in the Weekly Herald."

Turning to the Weekly Herald we find that it is wholly silent upon the subject, but we have been so accustomed to the Herald's falsehoods that we are not surprised at this. The Courier des Etats Unis says:

"The German Musical Society, composed of amateurs to the number of 150, gave Fanny Elssler this morning a vocal and instrumental serenade, without example in the musical festivals of New York. The sleeping city was aroused at the sound of this immense orchestra. And Fanny Elssler, from her window repaid with a thousand kisses, committed to the zephyrs, the gallantry of her countrymen!"

This is a fair specimen of the honesty and truth of these fulsome idolators of the German opera dancer. For weeks the Herald and the Courier des Etats Unis have been filled with the most absurd and disgusting rhodomantades in relation to Fanny Elssler. Their flattery has represented her as "divine," and worthy to be worshipped, and the French paper has so far outraged the feeling of every Christian as to compare her to the Messiah.

It is perfectly natural, now, that the sympathies of these foreigners should lead them to laud Fanny Elssler; but when they undertake, by their false and exaggerated statements, to fasten upon free-born Americans the stigma of kneeling in worship, like the atheists of the French revolution, before a *dansuese*, we are not surprised at the ebullition of popular indignation and disgust which was yesterday manifested. In Baltimore a few young Germans took the horses from this female's carriage, and dragged her to her hotel. This is a free country, and if any body chooses to make an ass of himself, of course he should be at liberty to do so. But we contend that it is a hard case that the odium of such degrading and beastly proceedings should be fastened upon republican Americans. We cannot sympathize with such drunken enthusiasm.

It seems that a number of citizens, apprehensive of a repetition of similar scenes in New York, on its being proclaimed that a grand "vocal and instrumental serenade" was to be given yesterday to this miraculous dancer, repaired to the spot, determined to discountenance any such token of homage. On the appearance of the serenaders, to the number of one or two hundred, a *white flag* was put out of the window of Fanny Elssler's room, as an emblem, we presume, of her spotless character. Now, considering that there were some four or five thousand Americans present, we think that it would have been quite as civil, not to say judicious, to have shown the "stars and stripes." It was Fanny Elssler, however, that was to be glorified—to whom hymns were to be sung as at the German opera in Philadelphia—and the anti-American papers, including the Herald, were to come out the next day, of course, and swear that the whole population of New York shouted peans in her praise, and bowed before her chamber window in abject adulation. This was the game that was to be played. All this disgrace was to be heaped upon New-Yorkers merely for the sake of puffing the "divine Fanny," in order that she might the sooner relieve them of their "ten thousand dollars" and then go back to Europe and laugh at "de damned yangees."—*Sunday Morning News*.

The following address was delivered by G. W. Dixon, who the papers say was seized by the assembled multitude, as he came from his office, in Barclay street, to express the opinion of the majority assembled, opposed to such a serenade.



SPEECH OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON DIXON,

*To the People gathered near the American Hotel on Friday night Aug. 21s.*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—

In obedience to your call, I presume to present myself before you, and to give vent to such sentiments as the occasion seems to require. I am here by mere accident, and am not fully acquainted with the causes of this convocation, but, as I am informed, it is with the intention to render *public honors* to the popular *danseuse*, Mademoiselle FANNY ELSSLER. No man living honors the sacred name of woman more than I do, and I would as cheerfully spend the last drop of my blood in the defence of this or any other petticoat, *if virtuous*, as for Martin Van Buren or General Harrison, or any great public benefactor and patriot. Still, fellow-citizens, if this demonstration is to be considered the expression of the popular opinion of New York, I remonstrate against it. Shall an honor that has never been conferred on any President or Vice President of the United States be shown to a woman of no unquestionable reputation? Shall the heels trample upon the head, and shall the favors which were denied to the immortal Washington be granted to a second rate figurante? If so, let it be by the select few who *call* themselves exclusives, and who do not scruple to introduce the *Elssler* to their own chaste wives and daughters. The plain people of the land will not share in their degradation. We will not bow the knee to Baal—if it must be bent, it shall be to our God—the power of mind to virtue or innocence.

The majority of our citizens are decidedly opposed to having the world abroad believe that they are as completely stultified and imbruted as the few nobles of Baltimore who, by putting themselves voluntarily into the traces, put themselves for the first time into their appropriate sphere, descending below the equine race, replacing horses with asses, the only animals who are fitted by nature to drag the car of such virtue and innocence as this lady is said to possess. I have heard a few hints whispered that personal violence is intended. God forbid! The bare supposition is an outrage on the city. There can be no arm here that would not be raised to defend a female from outrage, be she what she may; if there be, palsied be its nerves, and withered the heart that animates it! The friends of *the Elssler* have a perfect right to heap “all the *honor*” in their power on the goddess of their idolatry; but let them not identify themselves with, or pretend to represent the city of New York. If this is a mob, (and as yet I see no indications of a riotous disposition,) whose is the blame? Who brought it together? Who, in the silent watches of the night, have collected this vast assemblage?—What is the expression of the majority present? Shame, scorn and indignation at the *few* by whom the city is proposed to be disgraced and degraded. What is the nature of the occasion? A German association (and I do not say it with the slightest feeling of prejudice) combine as a musical class, to the exclusion of all others, natives especially. I honor the musical talent of the country from which these Germans sprang—I admit the personal worth of such members of the society as I happen to know; but I cannot admit the justice or propriety of any combination of aliens, be they Germans, Spaniards, Italians, or of any nation whatever, not only to deprive native citizens, but other aliens, from the means of obtaining a livelihood.

What are the facts? These German musicians, as I am informed, have conspired to give no employment to any musician of any other nation, and to hinder



him from obtaining it. Is this to be tolerated? Is it endurable. Shall *any* stranger enter our doors and give laws to our household? Shall we realize the fable of the hedgehog, and the unfortunate animal who gave shelter to his frozen misery? "The storm is now over," said the poor snake, "the cold is past, and my habitation is not sufficiently spacious for the accommodation of two." "Thank you for nothing," replied the hedgehog, elevating his quills, "I am very comfortable where I am. If you are incommoded, there is plenty of room for you out of doors." Just such is the conduct of the German musicians, who have agreed among themselves rather to perform for nothing than to suffer others to procure the just price of their time, talents and labor. I mention this fact, because there appears to be a considerable excitement manifested, as I can learn from the sounds which every moment reach my ears. Is any one here personally hostile to Fanny Elssler? Manhood forbid it! It is against this unholy combination, that have already made so many enemies by their course, and who now seek to represent the city of New York, that any indignation is felt. For the honor of the city, I hope, as I trust, that no act of violence will desecrate this spot or this night. You are ready to do all homage to the heels of Fanny Elssler, in their proper place—and that is on the boards of the theatre—not at the window of the American Hotel. Because this woman is a German, I am not willing that it should be said, and believed abroad, that a small musical band, natives or foreigners, represents the feeling of the Empire City of the Empire State, like the *select few* of Baltimore, who, for purposes best known to the protector of a woman whose sole merit is in her limbs, to fill her purse, and send her back to her babes in Vienna with the shout of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." If it is to be understood abroad that America has an Ephesus, where shrines are manufactured for a heathen goddess, though not the patron saint of chastity, let it not be said that New York is that city. Least of all be it told that here, of all places on earth, such a woman was received with the reverence of a devotee at the shrine of the Holy Virgin!

Violence to Fanny Elssler, or even her asinine friends, would disgrace a worse mob than can be collected in New York. If the German band be determined to serenade her, let them do it without molestation. The only way to counteract such a slander upon our city, is to select some other member of the sisterhood, who is as conspicuous for innocence and virtue, and sing to her praise the following strain:—

Some people have virtues of heart and of head,  
By the action of which they can make daily bread;  
But my nightly bread is not got by appeals  
To my heart or my head, but to calves and to heels.

This will convince the world at large, and the population of New York especially, in what estimation such persons as the Elssler are held by the moral portion of the community in private life, dance how she may, for

"Folly dances bare."

I apprehend that the music will be the good old air of "The Cherivarie." I have made these remarks for the purpose of showing to all within the sound of my voice that there is no intention to treat Fanny Elssler, or even her friends and supporters, in their proper place, with the slightest unkindness, far less violence—but rather to declare mine, and, I trust, your disapprobation, of kneeling down in worship at midnight before any doubtful or disreputable character. France, revolutionary France, adored at the shrine of the "Goddess of Reason," in the Champ de Mars. Let it not be said that the free born citizens of this Republic did so in front of the American House, in the Commercial Emporium of the New World!























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